



Irving Sydney Dix	<p>A few years ago, while recovering from an illness, I conceived the idea of writing some reminiscent lines on country life in the Wayne Highlands. And during the interval of a few days I produced some five hundred couplets,—a few good, some bad and many indifferent—and such speed would of necessity invite the indifferent. A portion of these lines were published in 1907. However, I had hoped to revise and republish them, with additions of the same type, at a later date as a souvenir volume of verses for those who spend the summer months among these hills—as well as for the home-fast inhabitants. But in substituting the following collection of verses I hope my judgment will be confirmed by those who chance to read these simple stanzas of one, who—</p>	The comet & Other Verses
The Comet & Other Verses	<p>"Loves not man the less, but Nature more          From those our interviews, in which I steal          From all I may be or have been before,          To mingle with the Universe and feel          What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."</p> <p>(Summary by Irving Sydney Dix)</p>	
	<p>Read by Ann Boulais. Total running time: 0:58:56</p> <p>This recording is in the public domain and may be reproduced, distributed, or modified without permission. For more information or to volunteer, visit <a href="http://librivox.org">librivox.org</a>.          Cover picture by book cover. Copyright expired in U.S., Canada, EU. and all countries with author's life +70 yrs laws. Cover design by Annise. This design is in the public domain.</p>	Irving Sydney Dix